

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modestly findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'T were pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.

Is. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Gidle that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,

I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,

And thinke thee worthy of an Emprise loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,

Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-rual'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:

Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts,

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,

With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold

With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile,

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discouered,

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine. } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus. }

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Julia* lodges.

Out-lawes with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Pantheon: seruant to *Antonio*.

Julia: beloved of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloved of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighing woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.



THE Merry Wives of Windsor

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistrresse Ford, Mistrresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

It Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *John Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire. (Coram.

Slender. In the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace and *Shal.* I (Cosen Slender) and *Cust-alarum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Lucies in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beaft to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Lufe is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quartet it.

Shal. Nor a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my bencolence, to make attonements and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistris *Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speaks small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry per you will desire, and seuen hundred and Gold, and Silver, is her bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyful she is able to ouertake seuen goot motion, if we leaue ou desire a marriage betweene

Anne Page.

Slender. Did her Grand-fir pound?

Euans. I, and her father

Slender. I know the young

gits.

Euans. Seuen hundred po

goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see hone

Euans. Shall I tell you a ly

doe despise one that is false,

true: the Knight Sir *John* is

ruled by your well-willers:

Page. What hoa? Got-ple

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euans. Here is go't's ple

rice *Shallow*, and here yong

uentures shall tell you ano

your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to

thanke you for my Venison

Shal. Master *Page*, I am

doe it your good heart: I w

was ill killd: how doth goo

you alwaies with my heart,

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke y

Shal. Sir, I thanke you:

M. Pa. I am glad to see

Slender. How do's your fal

say he was out-run on *Cot*

M. Pa. It could not be

Slender. You'll not confesse

Shal. That he will not,

'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good

be more said? he is good,

heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is withi

good office be tweene you.

Euans. It is spoke as a C

Shal. He hath wrong'd

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in se